

ALTHOUGH the approach was unofficial, I understand that when Mr. Khrushchev visited Windsor he invited Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to visit the Soviet Union.

The invitation was a casual one made in general conversation, in the course of which the Duke said that if he had still been in duty with the Royal Navy he might easily have been serving in one of the Royal Naval units which visited Leningrad last year.

Mr. Khrushchev at once suggested that the Duke should anyway come to Russia, with or without the Queen, or even Incongruity if he wished. If the visit were official, the Soviet Government would accord to Her Majesty and the Duke all the honours due to royalty, and Mr. Khrushchev would personally see to it that the formalities were strictly carried out.

I gather that the reaction of the Duke of Edinburgh was politely non-committal.

Double Life

AMONG the awards in the Birthday Honours which will be widely acclaimed is that of the Order of Merit to Lord Hailey.

Lord Hailey is, of course, universally respected as an authority on Africa. (His monumental Survey, first published in 1931, is now, I understand, being minutely revised.) What is now, some times forgotten is that he was over sixty when he first turned his attention to Africa. His career in India (he was first appointed to the Jhelum Canal Colony in 1902) was so outstandingly brilliant that it was said that if an Indian Civil Servant was ever to become Viceroy, Mr. George Hailey would be the man.

When he returned to England in 1934 he was warned that long years in the plains of the Punjab had impaired his physique. "But you'll be all right," his doctor told him, "so long as you keep away from hot countries." It was in the face of this recommendation that he began the second career which has made him, as much in the Belgian Congo as in British Africa, "a name to conjure with."

Humane Physician

SIR HENRY COHEN'S elevation to the peerage is a tribute to a man who, perhaps

more than any other, has applied the full range of modern medical science to the long and painful history of national health. Sir Henry has never hesitated to speak out on controversial questions (his lecture in Leeds last April on the subject of lung cancer was a model of plain speaking); but his unexcelled grasp of medical techniques has never caused him to forget that, as he once said: "Both patient and doctor are sentient social beings."

The man who once told his colleagues that "sympathy and kindness" were as important as technical skill is a devotee, in his spare time, of that school of true feeling, the theatre. I fancy that the high standard of the Liverpool Playhouse may be due in large degree to his chairmanship.

The Other Elevation

THERE is nothing tyrannical about that other new baron Sir Ronald Weeks; but few men have got so much done.

When he left Vickers's last Thursday they had orders totalling over £300 million on their books, and they had produced during the period of his chairmanship the Vickers-Viscount which is demonstrably the world's most popular medium-range airliner. As D.C.I.G.S. during the war, and in Germany after it, he set an example of energy, resource and equanimity which was an inspiration to his subordinates; and his unaffected interest in young people and desire to see them do well has led him to take an active part in the work of the Public Schools Appointments Board.

I look forward to hearing him in the Lords; he will have much that needs to be said.

White's Golf

A LINE at the bottom of one report of the opening day of the Amateur championship concealed a golfing drama of even greater intensity.

It said, "White's Club Handicap (Royal St. George's, Sandwich), W. P. Thursby (12) beat T. Bassett (1) at the 19th."

White's is the richest amateur tournament in England, for it is accompanied by a Calcutta Sweep which this year totalled the record sum of over £2,000 for division among the last eight and their backers, but last week-end the particular drama lay in an Anglo-American rivalry between two members renowned for their gambling nerve.

Nerves of Steel

Ted Bassett is one of America's best-liked and most dashing amateur gamblers, both at golf and at the tables. Peter Thursby is one of the

best bridge players at White's and the St. James's Club, and by general accord he has the reputation of gambling manners of his generation.

Bassett (43) is a dedicated golfer. Thursby (51) had played only four times since last August.

Bassett had announced in New York that he intended to come over and win White's. Thursby left his office in a Bond Street wine merchants and went to Sandwich having purchased, and that reluctantly, only a fifth of himself in the sweep.

Inevitably Bassett came to the final, beating Lord Bury, who plays only with iron clubs. In the last eight, and Lord Tansy, who wears the thickest-lensed spectacles ever seen on a golf course, in the semi-final. Thursby stumbled through a series of opponents, all of whom, he maintains, "beat themselves," and, after playing thirty miles of golf in three days, tottered into the history of White's at the 19th.

Third Estate

ALL Colette's readers would enjoy, it seems to me, "Prés de Colette," in which her husband Maurice Goudeket, impeccable during his wife's lifetime, serves her as impeccably in print. Of his many stories, two pleased me especially.

When Colette flew to Nice in the Mayor, M. Medecin, came to the aerodrome to meet her and introduced himself with the modest formula "Madame, je suis Medecin."

"Well, Doctor," said Colette, "it's kind of you to come, but I'm feeling quite all right for the moment."

And it is with no disrespect to Mr. Roger Senhouse, of Messrs. Sackler and Warburg, who has so valiantly upheld the cause of Colette in English, that I report that she kept three card-indexes—one for the living, one for the dead, and one for publishers.

Incisors

SIR MILES THOMAS, just back from New York, tells me that "My Fair Lady," the musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion," is doing more for Anglo-American understanding than a lifetime of official propaganda. The idea that there exists in these islands such a thing as an incise speech pattern is, it seems, quite new to the New Yorkers who gladly pay up to £35 for a black-market seat in the stalls.

A talker no less incisive than Mr. Rex Harrison who extols Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady" is Mr. Eamonn Andrews. The swart familiar of R.C.

television is appearing as a guest in the American "What's My Line" and is, Sir Miles tells me, "quite the best of the bunch."

Artist's Paradise

MR. GERALD MOORE, our leading accompanist and a member of Sir Arthur Bliss's delegation of musicians to Russia, considers Russian audiences more enthusiastic than any others in the world, and from the moment of its arrival, the party was front-page news.

But he was particularly impressed by the earnings of an

artist in the Soviet Union. He was paid 275 roubles a minute for broadcasting—or £25 a minute at the "tourist" rate. Even at the more realistic rouble rate of thirty to the £, this was £9 a minute, and Mr. Moore broadcast for a whole hour.

In England he would have earned a tiny fraction of this sum.

Playtime Millionaire

THE small hamlet of Athens, Texas (pop., 5,000), has given birth to more millionaires per head than any other

town in the United States. One of them is Mr. Clinton William Murchison, principal benefactor of the 600 mile Trans-Canada Pipeline which is at present the subject of hot debate in Ottawa.

Mr. Murchison is a particularly interesting millionaire because he devotes most of his time to leisure. He is even re-investing his oil fortune in leisure; his theory being that we are on the edge of the Age of Playtime, and should, therefore, put our money into leisure goods.

His portfolio now includes

the magazine "Field and Stream," the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., a chain of motels, another of drive-in movies, a fishing tackle company and the Royal Gorge bridge, a tourist attraction in Colorado.

Golden Words

Mr. Murchison never allows business to interfere with pleasure, and he spends much of his time at his shooting lodge in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico.

Some years ago the Duke of Windsor was a guest, and he was sent out with two guides in a small boat to fish.

Night came, and an anxious Murchison went out with a search party. They discovered the distinguished visitor sitting in a distant cove scribbling away at his memoirs.

"I was really enjoying myself," explained the Duke of Windsor. "I very seldom get a chance of relaxing."

"Relaxing is very good for one," said Mr. Murchison dryly. "Particularly at \$1,000 a word."

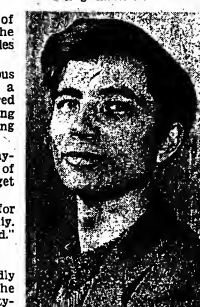
New Recruit

THE telephone has hardly stopped ringing at the Notting Hill Gate flat of twenty-four-year-old Colin Wilson, since his first book, "The Outsider," was acclaimed by Mr. Cyril Connolly in The Sunday Times last week. He has been congratulated by friends, interviewed by reporters, televised by I.T.V., and invited to dinner by hostesses he does not know.

The son of a Leicester boot and shoe operative, he left his secondary modern school at sixteen, but returned, after some unhappy months in a downy warehouse, to be a laboratory assistant. He failed his inter-B.S.C. took a job in the local income-tax office, did his

National Service with the R.A.F. Since then he has had a number of odd jobs, including six months in a morgue, and he has lived with friends in Paris. His time has really been spent in voracious reading and writing. He has to his credit sixteen volumes of a journal, a million-word novel (which will be condensed to 90,000 words for publication) and he is now at work on a sequel to "The Outsider."

He is to review a series of books for THE SUNDAY TIMES, beginning with "Psychological Commentaries on the Teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky," by Maurice Nicoll. He will also be writing an article for the



COLIN WILSON

centenary of Bernard Shaw's birth next month, to explain why he thinks Shaw is "passing through a period of under-valuation without parallel since Shakespeare was forgotten in the seventeenth century."

More "Eheu . . ."

ONE of the Dukes of Northumberland, leading a visitor down the 136 feet of the Long Gallery at Syon, commented, "Every house should have a Long Gallery for wet afternoons."